

Funeral Service for Karin Young Lundquist. Terry, Montana Community Church
April 19th, 1945
Reverend A. O. Wendelburg

Scripture:

23rd Psalm

Matthew 25:31 - 40

I Corinthians 13.

Revelation 7:9, 12-14

John 14: 1-3, 27.

Sermon: "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples--if ye have love, one for the other." John 13:35

"There are hermit souls that live withdrawn, in the peace of their self content,
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart, In a fellowless firmament.

There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths, Where the highways never ran.

But let me live by the side of the road, And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road, Where the race of men go by--

The men who are good, the men who are bad, As good and as bad as I.

I would not sit in the scorner's seat, Or hurl the cynic's ban;

Let me live in a house by the side of the road, And be a friend to man.

I can see from my house by the side of the road, By the side of the highway of
life, The men who press with the ardor of hope, The men who are faint with
strife.

But I turn not away from their smiles or their tears--Both are parts of an
infinite plan;

Let me live in a house by the side of the road, And be a friend to man.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road, Where the race of men go by--

They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong, Wise, foolish
so am I.

Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat, Or hurl the cynic's ban?

Let me live in a house by the side of the road, And be a friend to man."

I am sure that if Karin Lundquist could speak to us this afternoon, she would
want no long eulogy given about her life. Those of you who knew her do not need
me to tell you of the loveliness of that life, and of her constant care over
family, and of her uncomplaining attitude, even in her last illness.

But in a world that is starved for friendship, the love that she bore for her
fellow beings is something that gives meaning to the words of the Master, "By
this shall all men know that ye are my disciples--if ye have love, one for another".
Stopping in some strange town for a meal, while on a trip, her children
searching for her would find her with a new friend in tow--and cards and letters
and greetings from all over the nation, that came out of these friendships, help-
ed to add zest and courage to her final days.

Some people seem to gather friends like a little child gathers flowers on a
wooded hillside on an early spring day. Others in sullenness walk through a
world, wondering why they never have a friend to whom they may turn. It is not
a mere platitude that to have a friend you must be a friend.

Our word, "friend" comes from the Anglo-Saxon "freon", which meant, "to love".
Too many of us in choosing our friends have forgotten this. We make friends
not for what we can give, but for what we can get. We judge our friends not in:
"Do I love them?" but rather: "Do they love me?" Seemingly, according to some
people, we should choose our friends with certain ulterior motives in view. A
few years ago, a well known man even wrote a large book--well written and well
read-- on the subject, "How to make friends and influence people". But the
master of our lives could have taught Dale Carnegie a real lesson that would
have brought us nearer the truth and saved a lot of paper and a lot of reading
time. For true friendship is not just a thing of the mind-- a small, avaricious

mind, seeking to gain for itself--true friendship is more certainly something from the heart, a heart that is overflowing with love and sympathy and genuine interest in all of God's children. And the rules of friendship laid down by our Master do not cover even a very short book: they are contained in a few short pithy sentences, and in one or two parables; and they are never interested in getting, but in giving. "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples: not "If ye receive love, one from another," but "if ye HAVE love, one for another". And that love is to be shown in simple little ways of self-sacrifice. A cup of cold water given in His name-- and, lo, you shall not lose your reward. It is shown in feeding the hungry, visiting the sick, clothing the poor. And the test of the greatest love that anyone may have for God or man comes in terms of this same friendship, as, on the eve before His crucifixion, Christ tells His disciples, "Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends".

The scriptures tell us that Christ, having love His own, loved them even unto the end. His was not mere speech--He proved his words by his actions.. On a cross on Calvary, Christ gave up His life for His friends--for you and for me. We are the friends of Christ, for whom He died, and to whom He shows the way to life that is eternal and unchangable through His name. And to us He still calls, "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples: if ye have love, one for another."

For one who lived a life of friendship as Karin Lundquist lived hers, death is not EVER an ending place. It is but a gate that opens into a life of greater joy, as she is reunited with those that she has loved even long since, and lost awhile. And on the other side of that gate stands One in radiant garments, saying, "Come, ye blessed of my Father; inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation that you gave it in the world. For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat. I was thirsty and ye gave me drink. I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me. I was sick and ye visited me. I was in prison and ye came unto me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me..

Funeral Services Are Held For Mrs. Lundquist

Mrs. Karin Young Lundquist passed away at the home of her daughter and son, Miss Vivian and N. J. Young, last Tuesday, after an extended illness. She was born Karin Edfors in Sweden in 1861. She was married to Jonas Olaf Young and shortly after came to America where her mother and father and only sister had preceded her some years before. They made their home in Utah in the ensuing years and Mr. Young passed away about twenty years ago.

She married August L. Lundquist and they made their home in Salt Lake City, Utah, until Mr. Lundquist's death after which she moved to California for a few years. She came to Terry in 1930 where she resided since that time except for yearly visits to her widely scattered children.

Born to her were ten children, seven of whom survive; N. J. Young of Terry, Mrs. Helen Curran of Ogden, Utah, Mrs. Nellie Gjording of Santa Monica, Calif., Paul E. Young of Sutherland, Mrs. Freda Dunning of Downey, Calif., Mrs. Nina Haynes of Compton, Calif., and Miss Vivian Young of Terry. There are also 27 grandchildren and 28 great-grandchildren who mourn her passing.

Mrs. Lundquist was fond of travel and made two trips back to Sweden to visit relatives during her late years. Because of her keen interest in people, her friends were legion and her correspondence with friends and relatives continued right up to her last illness, enriching her life to a remarkable degree, just as she contributed so fully to the happiness of those around her.

Funeral services were held at the

Terry Community church Thursday afternoon with the Rev. A. O. Wendelburg officiating. Mrs. D. C. Bradley presided at the organ and she and Mrs. A. O. Wendelburg sang "Nearer My God To Thee" and "In the Garden", accompanied by Miss Janet Williams. Pallbearers were Lee Hubing, Dr. L. W. Sherman, Charles Wright, P. P. Brandenthaler, Thomas Calder and Victor Newman.

Out of town relatives attending the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. Curran, Mrs. Gjording, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Young.

The community will miss Mrs. Lundquist and her friendly way and express to her family sympathy in their time of sorrow.